



Published by the Evening World Company, 14 to 16 PARK ROW,
New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1900.

VOL. 41 NO. 14,241

Is There a Blood-Thirst Microbe?

Boer war in South Africa,
Boxer massacres in China,
"Benevolent assimilation" in the Philip-
pines,
Assassination by Anarchists in Italy,
Attempted assassination in Paris,
Duels, real and fake,
Color riots in New Orleans,
Bloody prize-fights in New York,
Cruel murders in many parts of America,
And now race riots in the very heart of
most cultured New York—

What does it all mean? Is there a blood-
thirst microbe? Or are all these ebullitions
of human savagery merely the concomitants
of the "higher civilization?"

THE EVENING WORLD'S
DAILY FORUM.

Signed Editorials on Leading Topics of the Day
by Recognized Authorities.

NEW YORK'S COLOR RIOTS.

By
REV. W. H. BROOKS.
Pastor St. Mark's M. E. Church.
W HILE I deprecate lawlessness
in any form and anywhere I
do not hesitate to say that
this city Wednesday night
was an index of mob spirit in
a brutal shape.
Not since 1863 has such an
exhibition occurred here.

The mob was not content to endeavor to punish
the guilty parties, but dragged innocent men and
women from the cars and brutally beat them.
The intense feeling of animosity between the
colored and white population was last night most
apparent.

In spite of the fact that many persons claim it
is dying away, it seems to need only a provoca-
tion to bring it forth in its worst form.
It is the duty of both Church and press to stifle
this feeling.

It can be productive of evil results only.
I believe the offenders should be summarily
dealt with, but it is a matter of surprise to me
that only three or four arrests were made of the
persons engaged in assaulting innocent onlook-
ers.

It is a question whether such extremes of vio-
lence would have been resorted to if a man of any
other nationality had committed the crime of
which the negro was guilty.

If the offender had been an Italian, or even a
Chinaman, punish- it would probably have been
confined to him alone.

The New York riot of Wednesday night bears
an unfortunate resemblance to the disturbances
in New Orleans a short time ago.

While there is no excuse for the murderer, it is
a deplorable fact that the foul deed was the pre-
cursor of mob law. To the impartial onlooker
the outcropping of race antagonism is the thing
to be regretted.

W. H. Brooks

BUTTONS ON EACH OF COAT.

A N American, so the story goes, was once ques-
tioning a Chinaman as to the reason for many
of the customs which seem absurd to us. At
length, after long endurance, the Chinaman replied:
"And now, my dear sir, I would like to ask you a
question, which has puzzled me greatly. Will you
kindly tell me why Americans and Europeans wear
two useless buttons on the backs of their coats?
Unable to answer the American raised the question
at home. Investigators set to work, and what do
you think they discovered?

Long ago, when every gentleman wore a sword
and had to hang it from his belt, these two buttons
held the belt to the coat. Years passed, and men left
the sword to soldiers use; the belt went out of
fashion, but the two buttons were left to this very
day.

OLDEST BRIDE IN THE WORLD.

A BRIDE of ninety-eight will probably be accorded
the unquestioned privilege of being the oldest
in the world. She is Mrs. Samuel Locker, a
citizen of the United States, and in spite of her years
has awakened the tenderest sentiments in the heart of
a youth of seventy-five, who has just wooed and won
her. She is evidently no invalid, and her husband, who
was first led to the altar in 1822, and when her
husband died and she was sixty-eight, she took a
second husband, who departed this life a year ago,
having reached the mature age of eighty-nine. Her
third and last marriage was the result of love at first
sight.—London Tid-Bits.

WHAT THE SULTAN SPENDS.

T HE yearly expenses of the Sultan have been
estimated at no less a sum than \$2,000,000. Of
this a million and a half alone is spent in the
clothing of the women, and \$300,000 on the Sultan's
own wardrobe. Nearly another million and a half
is swallowed up by presents, a million goes for pocket
money, and still another million for the table. It
seems incredible that so much money can possibly
be spent in a year by one man, but when it is re-
membered that some 1,500 people live within the
palace walls, live luxuriously and dress expensively
at the cost of the civil list, it appears a little more
comprehensible.—London Answers.

Gold in Circulation.

The amount of gold coin in actual circulation in the
world is estimated by the Bank of England officials
to be about 55 tons.

Your Daily Share of Air.

Two thousand gallons of air are a grown-up per-
son's allowance for twenty-four hours.

Laura Jean Libbey

WHY MARRIAGES
PROVE UNHAPPY.

THE cause of many a
marriage proving dis-
astrous is generally
due to the headlong haste
some people make to
plunge into matrimony.
With many women, to
lead seems the one object
in life of absorbing in-
terest.

If these women studied out the suitability of the
match all would be well, but unfortunately that
thought never occurs to them. Where the heart and
better are to come from after wedding never enters
their calculations.

The thrifty, prudent working girl who has had by
a tidy little sum for future wants usually is un-
derly ignore the fact that the man of her choice should
have been equally as frugal, and be able to show up
a larger bank account than hers.

In order to marry she is willing to put up the cap-
ital, trusting to look and to huddle dear for the future.
In such cases it is by no means unusual for her to
find that she is leaning on a broken stick and that
marriage is by no means the blissful event she so
primarily pictured it in her first imagination. The
primrose path of life is soon overgrown with weeds and
brambles. After the first rosy flush of infatuation is
over she comes down from the airy height through
which she has been soaring on love's wings and finds
out the truth of the situation.

She is not only out her boardings of a lifetime, but
her duties and drudgeries are increased a thousand-
fold, and to the last day of her life it is a valiant
struggle to keep the wolf of poverty and starvation
from the door.

From year to year her little dollar for a rainy day and
old age.

No man should think of marrying unless he has the
wealth to at least furnish the home—he that fur-
nishing ever so modest.

If the woman takes it upon herself to do this part
of the man's duty she need never expect to have that
much money in her possession again, unless she looks
for it as she did before.

If the man is worth the price she has given for
him, well and good; her marriage is not a failure.
Otherwise she discovers that love is excellent, indeed,
a most essential part of marriage, but that it must
have the foundation of money on the man's side as
well as sweet words and air castles.

No woman should rush headlong into marriage.
When a woman gets the idea firmly imbedded into her
mind that she is getting along in years, and that it
behoves her to put on the matrimonial yoke quickly,
if she would wear it at all, she is in grave danger;
she is blind to all reasoning, deaf to all advice, she
will have the great treasure—a man—let the cost be
what it may.

When suffering and sorrows come to such women in
after years they cannot expect much sympathy from
the practical world. They chose not wisely; they have
only themselves to blame.

It is to be hoped that their examples will prove a
valuable lesson and contain a grave warning to future
generations.
LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Laura Jean Libbey writes for The Evening World by arrange-
ment with the Family Story Paper.

WHAT COREANS EAT.

T HERE is no market place in Korea of any con-
sequence for foreign meats, lard or pork. The
diet of the natives consists chiefly of rice, with
fresh or salt vegetables, fish—which abound in the
adjoining waters—and beef.

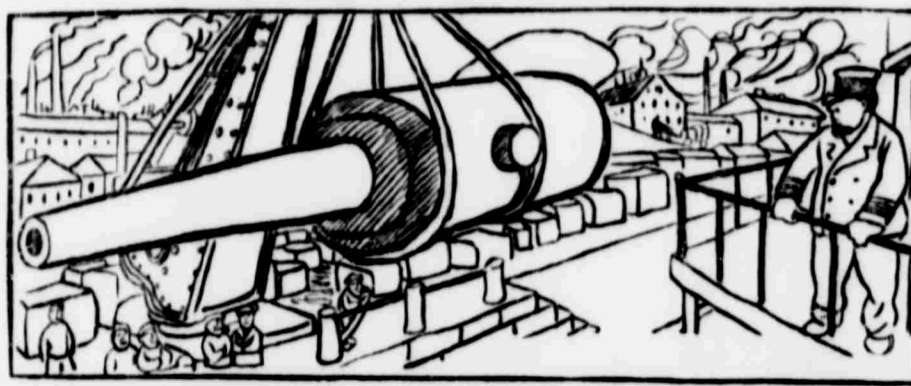
Stinks for Tea.

Cups and saucers are never used for tea in Russia.
The drinking vessel for tea is the "stakan," a glass
tumbler in a silver holder.

PICTURES AND JOKES THAT TICKLE FOLKS.

BOUND FOR CHINA—A GOOD JOKE ON THE POWERS.

By the Great Caran d'Ache in Le Journal Paris.



"Do you often go to China, Captain?"
Oh, yes! Last year I went there with war materials for the Chinese Government, and



I'm going back now with artillery for the allies."

NEEDED CANNING.

"If I had caught that Percy Nightflower," shouted
the father, "I should have canned him."
"Why not take your wife out, father," spoke up
the sweet girl, "and can the chair he sat in. It cer-
tainly needs canning."

ALMOST AN INSULT.

Lawyer (examining witness)—Where was your maid
at the time?
Lady—In my boudoir, arranging my hair.
Lawyer—And were you there also?
Lady (indignantly)—Sir!

THE ONLY LOSS.

"I believe," said the
well-meaning man, "in
giving your friend a little
wholesome advice when-
ever the occasion arises.
It doesn't cost you any-
thing."
"It costs you your
friend, very often," said
the wise man.

A START.

"You told me to come
and begin work to-day,"
said the new boy.
"Oh, yes," replied the
druggist, "you may begin
by catching flies and put-
ting them on those sheets
of 'Sure Catch Flypaper'
we're displaying in the
window."

WALL FLOWER.

She does not show her age
at all.
That really is no libel.
For she has even
scratched it from
the records in their
Bible.

USUAL WAY.

"But, mamma, if I buy
clothes first I may not
have money left to buy a
trunk."
"Ethel, you haven't any
business sense at all; you
can borrow a trunk."

A REMINDER.

"This morning I reminded Jones that he owed me
50 cents."
"Did it vex him?"
"Oh, no; it reminded him to remind me that I owed
him \$2."

A SAD AWAKENING.



Hippo (in bed, yawning and stretching)—Oh! darn it! There goes the alarm
clock.

ART'S TRIALS.



Sculptor—If you're goin' to be my model you gotter look cross. You ain't
havin' your sure-enough picture took.

PLUCKY WOMAN BUILDS A HOME.



A PLUCKY little American woman, with an in-
valuable husband and a beautiful baby, has built
a home for her family's occupancy. She did
not do it all alone, for she had the aid of an old car-
penter, who planned out how the boards should be
laid and the nails driven, but the woman laborer put
on shingles and nailed down flooring with more en-
ergy than a skilled man carpenter, for here was a
labor of love, and not of wages, says a Los Angeles
correspondent of a St. Louis paper.

The woman is Mrs. Edward M. David. Her hus-
band, a graduate of Yale, is an inventor. A series of
misfortunes reduced their savings and when the phy-
sicians told Mrs. David that there was still a chance
of her husband recovering his health if he could go
to a high, dry spot and live just as Louis Stevenson
lived in a deserted mining camp in California, as he
has told in "Silverado Squatters." Mrs. David began
thinking and planning very hard. There was just \$1,000
of Mrs. David's little fortune left.

Mrs. David purchased government land in the foot-
hills, and donning a blouse and blue overalls, her
bonnet looks hidden beneath a wide-brimmed hat, with
a dinner-pail in her hand, she rode with the old car-
penter on the loads of lumber that were carried to
her new home. She and the carpenter worked side
by side and ate their luncheon together at noon.

Critics say the chimney of red brick is not plumb,
but Mrs. David says that in time she is certain she
will become an expert bricklayer. The house is
not quite complete, but the little family has taken
up its residence there. The invalid is improving, and
the energetic little carpenter beams with delight at
what she has accomplished.

KRUGER AS AN ATHLETE.

T HERE was a time when Mr. Kruger, instead
of taking the train, might safely have depended
upon his legs in beating a safe retreat from Pre-
toria. Although it is generally known that when in
his prime he was a man of tremendous physical power,
it is not so well known that he was a runner of re-
markable speed and endurance. When well over forty
he matched himself against three native runners and
beat the best of them by some ten miles, covering
himself over ninety miles in the twenty-four hours,
which for an untrained man is an extraordinary per-
formance.—Golden Penny Magazine.

MY AUGUST DREAM.

HOW would you like to be sailing now
On an iceberg broad and high,
With tons of snow
On the decks below,
Nearth an ice-berd-berd sky?
How would you like to be sailing, I say,
On an iceberg far away?
Sailing away to a frozen land,
Where the sun is fringed with ice;
With mountains of snow,
In a ghostly glow—
Now, wouldn't that trip be nice?
How would you like to be sailing to-day
On an iceberg far away?

LETTERS TO THE
EVENING WORLD.

An Unlucky Girl.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a very unfortunate young lady. Whatever I
try to do I am never successful in, even in regard to
marriage. Young men take me out once, treat me
well, seem to think a great deal of me and never ask
to call or take me out again. It is the same with
music. My teacher came once and never came again.
Would like to go on the stage, but have no money for
instruction. A. R.

More Chinese Torture.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Here's a conundrum: Why are the allied troops in
China such rubber-necks? Because they are pushing
on to Peking (Peking). L. YACKINER,
440 West Forty-second street, New York City.

To Relieve Bridge Terminals.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
It occurs to me that if the bridge company would go
to a little expense and buy a few of the adjoining
houses on the side where the cars come in to New
York they could arrange to have the passengers get
on and off there, say from a platform, so as not to
interfere with the people going on foot to the bridge
or with those searching for a particular car.
NAPOLEON IV.

FRESH AND COOL.



A charming Summer toilet for country wear.

CORN PUDDING.

To a pint of corn pulp add a pint of milk, stir in the
well-beaten yolks of four eggs, a teaspoonful of salt,
pepper to taste. Mix thoroughly; lastly add the stiff-
ened whites and bake in a moderate oven in a greased
dish for one hour. This is a delicious accompaniment
to roast meat.

The Day's Love Story
After Three Years.

T HE largest church in the town of T— was
filled to its utmost capacity. Helen Armond, the
beautiful daughter of George Armond, was to be
married to Arthur Raymond.

Helen entered the church, leaning upon her father's
arm. She looked very beautiful in her white satin and
orange blossoms, but to her face was very white
and her eyes had a troubled look in them.

As the minister asked the solemn words: "Wilt thou
take this man for thy wedded husband?" she glanced
quickly through the church in quest of one who was
not there, and her voice trembled as she answered, "I
will."

The old minister who three years ago made Helen
Armond and Arthur Raymond husband and wife is
busily writing, not heeding in the least the old clock,
which points to the hour of midnight.
Suddenly he stops and listens.
"Was not that a human cry?" He hears it again,
and, going out into the snow and wind, saw on the
doorstep a woman.
It was Helen Raymond.

"Three years ago to-night you made me Arthur's
wife. I did not love him then, but married him at
my father's wish, or, rather, command. When my
father told me I must marry Arthur Raymond my
heart was given to Harry Livingston, and I refused."
"Later Harry and I quarreled, and our engagement,
which had not been made public, was broken. I was
impulsive, and I consented to marry Arthur provided
he let him of my relations with Harry. My father
promised, and Arthur and I were engaged. Two
months after this Harry, who had not heard of the
engagement, sent a letter asking for my forgiveness.
I went to father then, begging him to ask Arthur for
my freedom. This he would not do, and I said I would
ask him myself, but father would not listen to me,
and as I had always been more or less afraid of my
father I submitted. Harry and I then planned an
elopement, but his mother was taken ill before my
wedding day and our plans failed.
"I destroyed all but one of the letters Harry had
written me. Arthur found that letter this morning,
and he did not come home to-night. On his bureau I
found this letter:

"My dear Helen: By mistake, while hunting for a
paper in your desk I discovered a letter addressed to
you in the handwriting of Harry Livingston. It was
addressed Helen Armond, yet I could not see why
you should keep a letter from him, now that you are
my wife. My jealousy was aroused, and opening the
letter I read the secret of your heart. I learned from
it also that you did not wish to deceive me. You be-
lieved that I knew when I made you my wife that you
loved Harry Livingston. I did not know it; your
father never told me, else I should not have married
you."

"Th hush that all these three years have passed
is driving me mad."

"I am going away for a little while. I cannot tell
when I shall return. I leave you everything that you
will need. I suppose you will not care to go to your
father's now, knowing how he has deceived you. Go
to your friend Alice, and may God bless you, my dar-
ling, my wife."
ARTHUR.

"Do you love your husband now?" asked the minister
when he had read the letter.

"Yes, more than I ever loved Harry. I could not help
loving him, he has been so good, so kind, so true."

Just then the sound of sleigh-bells broke the silence,
and in a moment there was a rap at the door. The
minister had another midnight guest.

Helen went into a room leading from the study,
while the minister stepped to the door and let in his
second guest, Arthur Raymond. He shook hands with
the minister as they advanced toward the fire, and he
was about to speak when his glance fell upon Helen's
cloak, which in her hurry she had forgotten.

"Helen, my wife, is she here?" he asked hoarsely.
"Yes," replied the minister, "and she loves you."
Before he could say anything more the door of the
room where Helen was opened and she appeared. Her
face was white, but her eyes shone with the light of
deep love.

"Arthur!" she cried, coming forward.
"Is it true, Helen, what I have just heard; do you
love me?"

"Yes," she exclaimed joyfully, and she ran into his
arms.

"Shall I repeat the ceremony?" laughingly asked
the minister.

"I think there is no need," replied Arthur as he
kissed his wife.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

No.
Is a doctor compelled to go to a sick person any
hour during day or night if he gets his pay?
L. SCHOEN.

English.
Which language has the greater number of words,
the English or the German?
A. BARBER.

You Drink It.
A says you eat soup; B says you drink soup.
Which is right?
CONSTANT READER.

Park Avenue, Fifth City Street.
Is there a hospital in New York for the treatment
of women only? And if so, where?
A FRIEND.

Say "Maggie and Me."
Is it correct to say: "This matter concerns only
Maggie and I?"
J. M.

THE QUEEREST STREET.

C ANTON, China, possesses the queerest street in
the world. It is roofed in with glazed paper fas-
tened on bamboo, and contains more signboards
to the square foot than any street in any other coun-
try. It contains no shops but those of apothec-
aries and dentists. Phsyic street is its appropriate
name.

SOME WONDERFUL DOINGS OF BIG AND LITTLE CREATURES IN ANIMALDOM.

RATS KNOW
ABOUT SHIPS.

The shadow of a coast-
er of rats lately from a new
steamer attracted the
captain's attention. He
ordered an examination.
It was discovered that
the bottom of the keel had
sustained severe injuries
and that the steamer
would have surely found-
ered had the friendly
warning of the rodents
not been heeded.

BLUEFISH
A MURDERER.

The bluefish is a vor-
acious piscivore. He eats
a quarter to a half his
own weight of menhaden
each twenty-four hours,
and, not satisfied with
this, takes a nip out of
every fish smaller than
himself that comes across
his path. Divers say he
will even attack a man.

SAVAGE BEES
KILL A HORSE.

At Columbia, Mo., a
peddler left a horse by
the roadside. Hearing
the animal scream, he
ran to his assistance.
The horse was writhing
in the dust, literally cov-
ered with hundreds of
bees, who were attacking
him savagely. In a little
while he died in great
agonies.

PET BEAR
ROUTS BURGLAR.

A Frenchman who
owned a pet bear was at-
tacked one night in his
house by a burglar. It
was nearly dark, and the
two men struggled feroc-
iously. Suddenly, the bur-
glar was about to throttle
his adversary, the bear
leaped upon him and
saved his master's life.
The burglar was captured.

COW'S LUNCH
COST \$1,000.

J. C. Hughey, a well-
known farmer of Wayne County,
Miss., hung his coat on a
fence. In the coat was a
pocketbook containing
\$100. On his return the
money was gone. A
neighbor's cow was chew-
ing her cud close by. Mr.
Hughey bought and killed
her and found the money
well digested in the stom-
ach. He sent the pieces
to Washington for re-
demption.

A PARROT
SAVES LIVES.

A whole family was re-
cently saved from drown-
ing by a pet parrot. A
huge dam above the house
burst in the night while
all were asleep. The par-
rot heard the roaring of
the waters and sent up a
shrill scream. His master
jumped from bed, roused
his wife and children and
escaped in the nick of
time.

TURKEYS EARN
BIG MONEY.

A flock of 1,000 turkeys
earns \$25 a day for its
owner, Mr. Finch, of Sa-
line County, Kan. They
rid the fields of grass-
hoppers, and Mr. Finch
hires them out to his
neighbors in flocks of 100
at \$2.50 a day. Now his
turkeys are clearing \$175
a week for him and feed-
ing themselves in the bargain.

A BAD SNAKE
ELOCUTIONIST.

Like a cock's crow is
the cry uttered by a poi-
sonous South American
snake. The unwary trav-
eler thinks nothing of the
familiar noise until he
finds himself suddenly
stricken by the hidden
reptile. Unless the victim
is removed at once the
victim dies.

HOW SCORPION
ENDS TORTURE.

The scorpion's sting is
fatal to man and beast.
When caught alive and
subjected to torture he
commits suicide. One tor-
ture surrounds him with
fire; when he finds escape
out he he curls up and,
like a flash, his tail, in
which is the poisonous
sting, is seen to pierce
his side.

BAT SMOKES
CIGARETTES.

Venezuela has a blood-
sucking vampire bat that
smokes cigarettes. Na-
tives nail him to a door
by his wings and thrust
a cigarette into his mouth.
He puffs it with apparent
enjoyment until it is
consumed. Then the na-
tives kill him before the
cigarettes have a chance
to do it.